

By Antst Hemingway

~~Life and Letters~~ *a manuscript*
Found in a Bottle (x)

~~This is going to be a jerky one this month~~. The magazine, it seems, is coming out early; a break for all of us who can not wait a whole long month to get another shot of Gilbert Seldes, (it's a vice with me... I tried to break it off. They said all it would bring was blindness, insanity and death but I said no, I'd paid the fifty cents. I could take it or I could leave it alone. Besides I knew his brother George and he was a damn fine newspaper man. Go on. Leave me alone. Let me read Seldes if I want to. It's no worse than a bad cold and if you get it at the start you can knock it with this stuff *in* I'm going to give you. No man need fear Seldes any more. Come on out from under those wheel chairs. Throw away your crutches. There's no danger, men, as long as old Doc Hemingstein is in the magazine. Just take it in your stride. Don't let it bother you or cause you even one sleepless night. You need not even miss a day at the office. Now you know freedom from fear), but hell to write one in a hurry to catch the air mail.

¶ Let him write it and send it, it's hell for us both. That's fine. ^{So (it)} I knew you knew Kipling. ^{Fuller} (All right? What's it going to be about?)

If it was Woolcott now he could tell you one of those devastating anecdotes. Wouldn't it be swell if it was Woolcott? God if it was only Woolcott. Well it isn't Woolcott but what ~~about~~ about a story about Woolcott himself? Yeah, he's going to tell one about Woolcott. Come on, listen. This is going to be good. ¶ Is it just a little off color?, asks the Old Lady, hopefully.

(Thank God that Old Lady's turned up . She's what we've been needing here for months .)

No , Madame . It is not . For ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ we are writing for a magazine of over two hundred thousand circulation and you will find nothing off color , as you call it , in what we write here .

Old Lady:—I am sorry .

Well once upon a time General Pershing came around to inspect the staff of The Stars and Stripes , that famous paper of the A.E.F. , in Paris . Everyone was lined up including Alexander Woolcott who wore upon his sleeve the chevrons of a sergeant .

(Have you ever seen Woolcott ? It's better if you've seen him . Sure , a picture will do . That's right . That's Woolcott . Yipes ! ' No ' that's not Woolcott . That's Durante . The one with the nose is Durante . Yeah Schnozzle ! The one with the belly is Woolcott . There he is . That's Woolcott . Yipee ! Gad , isn't it great to see him in the flesh ?)

Well anyway I'm glad everybody is having such wonderful time . Oh yes , Sure , the story . What story ? The story about Woolcott and General Pershing . Oh you mean that General Pershing . Sure . Why not ?

Well General Pershing stopped in front of Alec and he said , " Sergeant Woolcott ? "

" Yes , General Pershing , " said Woolcott .

" Very soldierly , " said General Pershing . " Very soldierly , " and ~~xxxxxxxx~~ started to go on .

" General Pershing , " said Sergeant Woolcott in no higher a voice than lots of people have , and he felt soldierly
(*Shouts: Keep it clean ! Keep it clean !*)
too for every button was buttoned , " that's the finest thing that

anybody has ever said to me in all my life !"

Of course it's much better if you hear Boz Hawley tell it because he imitates Woolcott , you know , actually sounds like him, and imitates General Pershing too . But the last I heard of old Boz he was in Rome ; so that makes it awfully difficult to ask him to help me out with the story now . That is if you didn't like it the way it was . If you liked it, why then it's ~~fine~~ all right . It's fine . But you'd like Boz Hawley . He can imitate Woolcott ^{so} you'd think it was Woolcott in the room with you . Wouldn't that be something ? I wonder what would happen if he actually was in the room .

Now you stop crying little girl . We won't let him in . He stays out , see . We won't let him come and take you off to see no horrid nasty Alice in Wonderland . You're safe here , kid , nothing can harm you ^{here} . Gingrich has got children of his own . And then they said he had off color stuff in his magazine . Hell, nobody's safe these days .

Listen, Hemingway can't be any good if he's clowning like that . Is he a serious writer or should we throw him out of the house . (Cries: Throw him out . Throw the bastard out .)

All right . Listen , baby , were you ever drunk with James Joyce the writer ? "

By god it's an anecdote come to save us .

"Who did you say ? "

"James Joyce . "

"What about him ? "

" I've been drunk with him . "

"Oh . "

" Don't you believe it ? "

" Sure . Why not ? Don't he drink ? "

"That isn't the point. The point isn't does he drink. The point is who he is."

"All right. Let's get out of here and go somewhere else. Every time they put a nickel in that goddam machine some job turns on that man on a flying trapeze till it drives me screws. They play that flying trapeze one more time and I'll go nuts."

"Okay. We'll go somewhere ^{where} where they haven't got one of those machines and I'll tell you about my pal James Joyce ^{who's been drunk with him more times than I can count}."

"All right. Just so long as they don't play that flying trapeze. It's driving me nuts. I heard it too much."

Which brings us to ta-ta-ta-ta (music) William Saroyan, who tells the boys in his stories how he can write like, or better than, other people if he wanted to try. Whoopee! What's his name? William Saroyan is his name and we won't charge him a nickel for this.

The answer is: there was another bright young Armenian and he turned out to be Michael Arlen.

Anybody can write like somebody else. But it takes a long time to get to write like yourself and then what they pay off on is having something to say. Listen, Mr. Saroyan, maybe I'm a little drunk but this is all right. See? We were all hungry, see? We all hooked our prewriters, see? Only we had something else to write about at the time beside ourselves. No, a lot of us weren't as bright as you, Mr. Saroyan, see I'm giving you a break. You're bright. So don't get sore. But you're not that bright. You don't know what you're up against.

You've only got one new trick and that is that you're Armenian. Now you see us, the people you can write like and better than, have some of us been shot, and some of us been cut,

Yours, Mr. Livingston,

a good life hand in a pocket
 it see he thought using. Then, however, with him

Do, and Jayce and Face think you
in they share with the poor.

DoS, and Joyce and Farrell think
in their class when the book was
written.

Mr. Saroyan . I'm just showing you how it will be later on .

We all wish you a lot of luck , Mr. Saroyan , and, as I say I
don't charge you a nickel for this and every time they see the

name Saroyan it makes an impression on them . It does . So

the world will echo to it like Roland's horn at Roncevaux .

that some time in a piece of Spain had told the French
Listen to the boys now echoing to it .

The Boys : You know that piece he wrote about the fellow
that Greek ?

No. Which one ?

The Boys : I thought it was lousy .

*You can use
this*

Give it to you for Saroyan. For his writing, his is a literary

*are there - know. The
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